

The Mirror

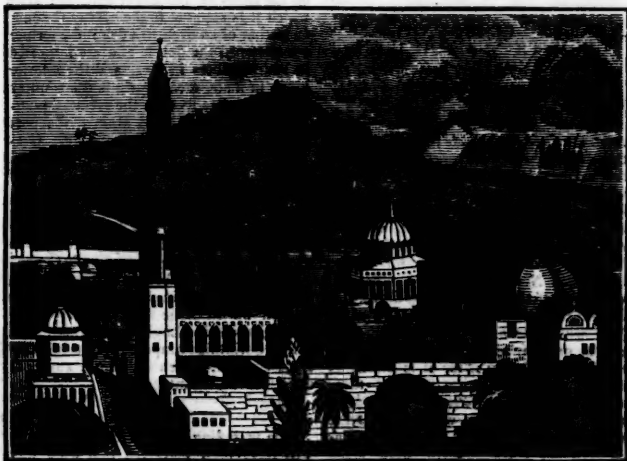
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXXIV.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

The Mount of Olives, from Jerusalem.



THE first sight of an Eastern city is generally imposing; and the effect is the more striking when the traveller comes upon it after having for hours, or perhaps days, traversed a desolate and cheerless region. The general aspect of the country in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem is blighted and barren; the bare rock looks through the scanty sward, and the grain seems in doubt whether to come to maturity, or die in the ear.

A few gardens still remain on the sloping base of Mount Zion, watered from the pool of Siloam; the gardens of Gethsemane, the Vale of Fatness, are in a sort of ruined cultivation; the olive is still found growing spontaneously in patches at the foot of the mount to which it has given its name; there, too, the road to Bethany still winds round the declivity; and Mount Olivet itself retains a languishing verdure.

The Mount of Olives forms part of a ridge of lime-stone hills, running N.E. and S.W. It is the second of its summits which overlooks the city. The above engraving represents the appearance which it presents as seen from the

terrace of the Latin Convent of St. Salvador. "On rising," says the Rev. Mr. Jowett, "it was pleasant to view from my chamber window the wild scenery of the Mount of Olives. This mountain gradually increases in beauty till about the second hour after sunrise, when it swells and slopes upon its side, and presents at this season of the year (November) a very soft variation of light and shade. If the heart desire some holy reminiscences, these may still be enjoyed, pure and native, as the eye turns towards Mount Olivet. There no violence, or none that merits notice, has been done to the simplicity of the scene." From this summit is obtained a bird's eye view of the city of Jerusalem, which many travellers have pronounced to be the best. It commands the whole circumference of the town, and nearly all the more striking details—the Church of the Sepulchre; the Castle of the Pisans; the Armenian Convent; the Mosque of Omar, in the midst of its beautiful garden; the Mosque El Akas; St. Stephen's Gate, near which is the Turkish burying-ground; the barren vacancies and ruined heaps which occur

within the walls; and the Christian burial-ground and tomb of David on the unenclosed part of Mount Zion.

For the view of the Mount of Olives, and this description, we are indebted to an interesting little annual, the *Amulet*. The view is from a sketch made by Sir William Chatterton, Bart.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF A FEW GOOD THINGS FOR CHRISTMAS FARE.

(For the Mirror.)

GRAPE

ARE the fruit of the vine; which is a native of most of the temperate regions of the earth, and is cultivated with care wherever its fruit can be brought to perfection. Its culture is supposed to have been introduced from the East, where it was cultivated, and wine made from the fruit, in the earliest ages; for we are told, that Noah "planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine, and was drunken." In Great Britain, it was cultivated in 791, when Bede finished his History, and at one period was brought to considerable perfection; for it is stated in the *Museum Rusticum*, "that there were vineyards in different parts of this country, from which wine was made; and we are informed, that in the cellar of Arundel Castle, there were sixty pipes of excellent Burgundy (artificial?) the produce of a vineyard attached to the castle." But from the greater value of the ground for the cultivation of corn, vineyards are now scarcely known in England, and the vine only cultivated for the desert. There are many varieties of the Vine; that which is called the Alexandrian Frontiniae, yields the most delicious grapes for eating, and the Syrian the largest bunches: the last is supposed to be the sort which the spies, sent by Moses to examine Canaan, cut down at the brook Eshol; "a branch with one cluster of grapes, and they bare it between two on a staff." Strabo relates, that in Margiana, bunches of grapes were produced, two cubits, or a yard long: and in some of the Archipelago islands, they weigh from 30 to 40 pounds. The Syrian grape in this country has produced bunches weighing 19½ pounds. The celebrated Vine in the gardens at Hampton Court, which was planted in the year 1769, and allowed by all foreigners to surpass any in Europe, produced in one season 2,373 bunches, weighing 18 cwt.; it measures 73 feet by 20, and is about 13 inches in girth.

RAISINS

Are made from grapes, either by cutting the stalk of the bunch half through when the grapes are nearly ripe, and leaving them suspended on the vine till their watery part is evaporated by the heat of the sun, whence they are called *Raisins of the Sun*; or, by gathering the fruit when fully ripe, and dipping it in a ley made of the ashes of the burnt tendrils; after which it is exposed to the heat of the sun, or to that of an oven, till dry: the former are reckoned the finest, and are imported in boxes, others in jars, and the inferior kinds in mats, &c. Spain is the country which supplies us with the greatest quantity of this article, and Malaga the port whence they are exported chiefly. Grenada, in Spain, and Calabria, in Italy, are supposed to produce the best fruit of any part.

CURRENTS

Are a smaller kind of grape, brought to us principally from Zante and Cephalonia: they are gathered off the bunches, and laid to dry in the sun, and then packed up in large butts. They were first planted in England in 1556, and called Corinthian grapes, being originally from Corinth, which at length was corrupted into Currant.

WINE

In the preceding account of the Vine, it will have been perceived that wine was manufactured from the fruit in the earliest ages. Ancient historians mention, that the Asiatics first learned the art of cultivating the vine from the Egyptians; the Grecians from the Asiatics; and the Romans from the Greeks. We learn from Pliny, that the Romans were very curious in searching after the most excellent wines; the distinction between many of them consisted in the place of their manufacture; as the Setiranum, Cacusum, Falernum, &c. &c., which were the most delicate wines of Italy in the time of that author. Among the wines of Greece, they esteemed the Maronean, Thracian, Chian, &c. Their luxurious taste carried them in search of the wines of Asia, as those of Mount Lebanon, as may be seen in the same author. In the wine countries, when the grapes are fully ripe, they are gathered, and immediately subjected to the press, by which the juice is separated from the skins and seed; at Madeira, (and at Epernay, where the best Champagne is made) the grapes are previously picked from the stalks, and freed from all the unsound ones with great care. In some places the juice is concentrated, by suffering the grape to

remain on the vine, the stem of each cluster being cut half through, the afflux of any fresh juice from the plant is prevented, and the moisture exhaling the grape is nearly dried to a raisin. The sweet Hungarian and Spanish wines are made from grapes that have been thus half dried. The wine of Chio was made from fruit treated in the same manner, and which was esteemed by the ancients for its strength, sweetness, and exquisite aromatic flavour. On the juice being pressed, it is collected into vats, and in this state is called must; it is kept in a temperature of 70 degrees. The component parts soon begin to act on each other; the liquor becomes turbid, an intestine motion is evident in it, its temperature increases, a scum collects on its surface, and carbonic acid gas is disengaged. This is the process of vinous fermentation. Its activity gradually decreases, the scum and impurities subside to the bottom, and the liquor clears, having lost its saccharine taste, and becomes wine. It is then put into barrels, and in due time into bottles; in both of which kind of vessels the fermentation is continued, although in an imperceptible degree.

On the proper quantities of sugar contained in the grape, and the manner in which the fermentation is conducted, depend the strength and goodness of the wine. When the fruit abounds in saccharine matter, and is not completely decomposed, or the fermentation checked, the wine retains a sweet taste; a more perfect decomposition, with a brisker fermentation, render it strong and spirituous; but if the quantity of sugar be small, a thin and weak wine is produced. In England, the fruit containing little saccharine matter, large quantities of sugar are added in the manufacture of wine; but in foreign wines none whatever. When wine is bottled early, the fermentation still proceeds, and a large quantity of carbonic acid gas collects; this, on the drawing of the cork, causes the frothing and sparkling appearance of *Champagne*.

When the husks of the coloured grapes are allowed to remain in the must during the fermentation, the nascent spirit acts on them, and extracts the colouring matter and astringent property, and thus gives colour and flavour to *Port*; for it is only in the skin of the grape that the colour exists: when the juice alone is fermented, coloured grapes will produce *White Wine*. The colour of wine is, however, frequently artificial; a deep red is almost always the effect of foreign additions, as red-wood, logwood, elderberries, &c. &c.

Wine was first made in England in 1140.

Various circumstances, such as climate, soil, and the modes of conducting the fermentation, modify the taste and flavour of wines; the essential component parts of all are, however, the same.

Wine, when good, and of a proper age, is cordial and tonic; but when new it is flatulent, debilitating, and purgative, and intoxicates sooner than old wine. In a dietetical point of view, the temperate use of it promotes digestion, and gives additional energy to the action of the heart and arteries, strengthens the animal functions, exhilarates the spirits, sharpens the wit, and calls into action all the intellectual powers; but when taken in excess, intoxicates, producing sickness, headach, and nervous tremors; and, like ardent spirit, its habitual excessive use extinguishes the faculties both of body and mind, producing indigestion, emaciation, dropsy, and a long train of diseases and wretchedness.

BRANDY

Is a spirituous and inflammable liquor, extracted from wine and other liquors, and likewise from the husks of grapes, by distillation. It is prepared in many of the wine countries of Europe; and with particular excellence at Languedoc, in Anjou, and other parts of the South of France: indeed in every part of the kingdom where vines are grown. The brandies of Nantes and Poitou, whose qualities are pretty nearly alike, are the best made in France, and the most esteemed throughout, being uncommonly well flavoured, fine, and strong. In distilling brandy, the strong heavy wines are preferred: though in France, where a great deal of wine is made, particularly at the commencement of the vintage, that is too weak to be a saleable commodity, it is a common practice to subject this wine to distillation, in order to draw off the spirit. When good wines are used for this purpose, it is expected that they should yield at least one-sixth of their quantity of spirit. The apparatus for distillation is composed of three parts: the boiler, into which the wine is put, and fire applied beneath; the capital, fitted on the top of the boiler to receive the spirituous vapour; and a pipe twisted spirally, like a corkscrew, which is immersed in cold water; and through which the vapour passing, is condensed, and flows out in the form of a pellucid fluid; that part of the spirit which comes over first, has the strongest, richest, and highest flavour. Brandy is naturally clear and colourless as water. The dis-

serent shades of colour which it has in commerce, arise partly from the casks in which it is kept, but chiefly from the addition of burnt sugar, saunders wood, and other colouring matters, that are added intentionally, and which are neither of advantage or disadvantage to the quality of the spirit.

RUM

Is distilled from the juice of the sugar cane, molasses, the skimmings of the pans in the making of sugar, &c. in the West Indies; principally at Jamaica, Antigua, and Barbadoes: the former being accounted the finest. When a sufficient stock of materials is got together, water is added, and they are fermented in the common manner. When the wash is duly fermented, or to a due degree of acidity, it is distilled in the manner stated for brandy, and the spirit made proof; though sometimes it is made up to a much greater strength, nearly approaching alcohol, and is then called *Double Distilled Rum*. When first drawn, it is as clear and pellucid as water, and if prevented from collecting adventitious colouring, all rum would arrive in England perfectly colourless. Sliced pine apples are frequently put into the puncheons of rum, especially when designed as presents for European friends: this gives the spirit a most delicious flavour, and hence the designation, *Pine Apple Rum*.

HOLLANDS.

A superior kind of gin, so named from the country where it is distilled: it is made from a spirit obtained by fermenting wheat, malt, rye, meal, &c. and twice rectified over juniper berries. They pay so much regard to the water employed, that many send vessels to fetch it on purpose from the Meuse; but all use the softest and clearest river water they can get. Scheidam is noted for producing the finest Hollands, vast quantities of which are annually imported into Great Britain.

Our Geneva, or, as it is usually denominated,

GIN,

is an imitation of the Dutch spirit, and is made after the same manner; to which, however, it is inferior in flavour, although it is considered, when unadulterated with noxious mixtures, to be equally as wholesome as the Hollands.

WHISKY

is distilled from barley, &c. fermented: it is simply the first distillation, without any subsequent rectification or flavouring.

CLAVIS.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

LAST year at this period we devoted a considerable portion of a number of the MIRROR to an account of Christmas Customs and Recreations, and having had the pleasure to find that it was acceptable to our readers, we pursue the same plan this season. For a general account of the more usual customs observed at the anniversary of this festival we must refer to our former volumes, in which the subject will be found treated at great length, and embodying much interesting information.* A few particulars yet remain to be added, some of which, though rather antiquarian, are sufficiently curious to deserve a record in the pages of the MIRROR.

It was anciently the custom in Yorkshire, in the Christmas holidays, to dance in the church, after prayers, crying or singing *Yule, Yule, Yule*, &c. In the west riding of Yorkshire, at Christmas Eve, at night, they bring in a large yule log or Christmas clog, and set it on fire, and lap their Christmas ale, and sing "*Yule, Yule*," a pack of new cards and a Christmas stool." In several parts of Oxfordshire it is the custom for the maids to ask the men for ivy to dress the house; and if the man denies or neglects to fetch in ivy, the maid steals away a pair of his breeches, and nails them up to the gate in the yard or highway. In the north riding of Yorkshire, it is the custom for the parishioners after receiving the sacrament on Christmas day, to go from church directly to the alehouse, and there drink together, as a testimony of charity and friendship. It was formerly a custom for the butcher of Merton College, Oxford, about Christmas time, to invite the scholars to a treat at his house, when he used to provide a bull for the steward to knock down with his own hand; whence this treat was called *The Kill-bull*. It is still, we believe, a custom at Queen's College, Oxford, to have a boar's head (or the figure of one in wood) brought into the hall, every year on Christmas day, ushered in with an old song, in memory of a noble exploit said to be performed by a scholar of this college, in killing a wild boar in Shotover Wood.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

OXEN were then presumed to kneel in their stalls and mean. The oxen used, on or about this time to change dresses, and go about among neighbours in this disguise feasting; a custom supposed to have been derived from the *Sigillaria*, festival days added to the Saturnalia, or

* See MIRROR, Nos. 8, 63, 64, 65, 115, and 119.

Quinquatria. On the night of this eve candles of an uncommon size, called Christmas-candles, were lit up, and a log of wood, called a Yule-clog, or Christmas block, was laid upon the fire to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day. One author finds it in the Cyclops of Euripides; but it was probably Druidical, being only a counterpart of the Midsummer fires made within doors on account of the cold weather. Furnety, common on this eve for breakfast and supper, is absurdly derived by Bryant from Noah's ark. At Hamburg the servants had carp for supper. In the Isle of Man they had a holiday towards evening, sat up all night, went to church at twelve, heard prayers, then hunted the wren, killed her, and next carrying her on a bier to the church, buried her with dirges and whimsical solemnity. There were also other local singularities.

"In Germany, on Christmas Eve," (Mr. Aubrey gravely observes), "many *sinfull* things in some places are dun by young maids or men, *e. g.* a mayd washeth her feet in a brazen bason, and afterwards throwes out the water, and placeth it in any place, and hearknes to it, by this she will know what manner of man the future husband will bee; when she heareth scribbling, she taketh it, that he will be a scholar or scrivener; if she heares sewing, a taylor or shoemaker, &c. Yea, as some say, maids will keep a piece of meat at the first and three following *Advent Sundays*, and at twelve o'clock at night before Christmas, doe lay the table cloth, and sett up the said meat, without laying on it any knyf,—then say, '*Here I sit and would fain eat, if my sweetheart would come and bring me a knyfe*;' whereupon a ghost in shape of a man presenteth her with a knife, and such a one her future husband will bee.—*Aubrey MS. A. D. 1686.*"

Another Christmas custom in Germany, recorded by Mr. Aubrey, is as follows:—

"The night before Christmas, they take a trencher, and put upon it a little heap of salt, as big as a walnut more or lesse, for such and such a one, and for themselves two, and set it in a safe place: in the morning when they find the heap or heaps entire, all will live the following year; but if any or more are melted down a little, they take it that the same man or woman will dye for which it was designed."

CHRISTMAS DAY.

THE *Yule*, or Christmas feast, is in fact the Mother-night, or feast of the winter solstice (from which the commencement of the year was dated); common to all the

Northern nations, and observed long before the introduction of Christianity. In the North, after service on Christmas day, they ran about crying *Ule, Ule, Ule*. Evergreens were stuck up, the laurel being among the Romans the emblem of joy, peace, and victory; according to Chandler a relic of Druidism, that the sylvan spirits might repair to them. The misletoe is unquestionably of Druidical origin. According to ancient Chroniclers, Arthur kept the feast of Christmas. These holidays were observed during war with high festivity, and even homicides and traitors indulged in peace and joy. The lords kept it chiefly with the king; and it was the season when the great gave new clothes to their domestics. Barons feasted the whole country, and a whole boar was sometimes (not merely the boar's head, stuck with rosemary, and an apple or orange in the mouth,) put on the table, richly gilded, by way of brawn. Ships sailed only with the foremast, in honour of the season.

In Barnaby Googe's translation of Naogeorgus, is the following account of the incipient customs at this season:—

"Then comes the day wherein the Lorde did bring his birth to passe,
Whereas at midnight up they rise, and every man to masse.
This time so holy counted is, that divers earnestly
Do think the waters all to wine are changed sodainly;
In that same houre, that Christ himself was borne, and came to light,
And into water straight againe transformde and altered quight.
There are beside that mindfully the money still do watch,
That first to auler commes, which then they privily do snatch.
The priestes, least other should it have, take oft the same away,
Whereby they thinke throughout the yeare to have good lucke in play,
And not to lose: then straight at game till daylight do they strive,
To make some present prooffe how well their hallowde pence will thrive.
Three masses every priest doth sing upon that solemne day,
With offerings unto every one, that so the more may play.
This done, a wooden childe in clowtes is on the anitar set,
About the which both boyes and girls do daunce and trymlly jet;
And carrols sing in prayse of Christ, and, for to helpe them heare,
The organs quawere every verse with sweete and solemne cheare.
The priestes do ryre aloude; and rounds about the parentes stande
To see the sports and with their voyces do helpe them and their haile."

CHRISTMAS SPORTS.

THESE were, formerly, playing at cards for counters, chess, draughts, jack-puddings in the hall, fiddlers and musicians, who were entertained with a black-jack of beer and a Christmas pie, singing the wassail, scrambling for nuts and apples, dancing round standards decorated with evergreens in the streets, the *hobby-horse dance*, hunting owls and squirrels, the fool-plough, hot cockles, a pendulous stick, at one end an apple at the other a candle, so that he who bit at the one burned his nose, blindman's buff, forfeits, and sports of all kinds. For the purpose of conducting these amusements there was appointed a Lord of Misrule, or Master of the Revels, who was sometimes crowned, and attended with all the paraphernalia of royalty during the twelve days. He was also called Christmas Prince, or King, the Abbot of Unreason, in Scotland, &c. the title being taken from the Abbot of Poels, in the feast so called; both customs being derived from the Saturnalia. A mock-play, as of Alexander and the King of Egypt, was usually acted by mummers about this time. In the mummeries usual, the chief aim was the oddity of the masks and dresses, attended with exhibitions of gorgeous machinery. They who could not procure masks, blackened or painted their faces. The chief performers in the interludes and plays were according to Burney, the gentlemen and children of choirs; and these interludes were also usual in the Inns of Courts, as were revels and dances, during the twelve days, before and after supper. The master of the revels was to sing a carol, or song, after dinner and supper, and order others to sing who were able. So early as 1600, Puritanism began to object to these sports of our ancestors.

CHRISTMAS FARE.

THE following is a copy of the bill of fare, from the original in our possession, at the Bush Inn, Bristol, for the year 1789. Though the list of articles is not as numerous as in the bill of a French Restaurateur, who dresses eggs six hundred ways, yet it is infinitely more substantial, and presents such a collection of viands as are not to be found in a Parisian larder. The Bush Inn at the time was kept by a Mr. John Weeks:—

"CHRISTMAS, 1789.

Turtle
British Turtle
Giblet Soup
Peas Soup
Gravy Soup
Cod.

5 Turbots
7 Brills
8 Carp
2 Perch
1 New Salmon
5 Plaice
200 Herrings
Sprats
20 Soles
32 Eels
Salt Fish
5 Does
36 Hares
18 Pheasants
2 Grouse
29 Partridges
90 Wild Ducks
4 Wild Geese
28 Teal
24 Wigeon
5 Bald Coots
1 Sea Pheasant
2 Mews
12 Moor Hens
1 Water Dab
5 Curlews
1 Bittern
121 Woodcocks
67 Snipes
8 Wild Turkeys
12 Golden Plovers
17 Quists
Land Rails
6 Galenas
4 Pea Hens
16 Pigeons
110 Larks
24 Stares
98 Small Birds
44 Turkeys
24 Capons
13 Ducks
7 Geese
63 Chickens
14 Ducklings
8 Rabbits
5 Pork Grikins
14 Veal Burns
2 Roasting Pigs
Oysters, stewed and Scolloped
Eggs
15 Hogs' Puddings
Scotch Collops
Veal Cutlets
Harricoed Mutton
Maintenon Chops
Pork Chops
Mutton Chops
Rump Steaks
Sausages
Tripe
Cow Heel
4 House Lamb
VEAL,
5 Legs 1 Loins

BEEF,			
7 Rumps	1 Sirloin	5 Ribs	
MUTTON,			
14 Haunches	8 Necks	4 Legs	
PORK,			
4 Loins	1 Leg	2 Chines	
	2 Spare-Ribs		
COLD,			
Baron of Beef,	2 cwt. 3 qrs. 7 lb.		
3 Hams	4 Tongues		
6 Chickens	11 Collars Brawn		
	2 Rounds Beef		
	Collard Veal and Mutton		
	Collard Eels	Harts' Tongues	
	French Pies		
460 Minced Pies	10 Tarts		
211 Jellies	200 Cray Fish		
Pickled Salmon	7 Crabs		
Sturgeon	Pickled Oysters		
	Potted Partridge		
	Potted Pigeons		
	24 Lobsters		
44 Barrels	Plymouth and Colchester		
	Oysters."		

CHRISTMAS AMUSEMENTS.

TO MAKE TWO OVALS OUT OF A CIRCLE.

TAKE a circular piece of paper or paste-board, and draw on it another circle from the same centre, but only half the diameter; divide both circles into four equal parts, place $\frac{1}{16}$ of the larger segments together; and two of the quadrants of the inner circle placed one at each end will complete the oval. The other two segments and quadrants will of course make a similar oval, and if they are neatly cut they will be very correct.

TO TELL ODDS AND EVENS.

A PERSON having an even number of counters in one hand, and an odd number in the other, to tell in which hand the counter is. Let the person multiply the number in his right-hand by an odd number, and the number in his left-hand by an even number, and tell you if the sum of the products added together be odd or even. If it be even, the even number is in the right-hand; but if it be odd, the even number is in the left-hand.

TO TELL AT WHAT HOUR A PERSON INTENDS TO RISE.

LET the person set the hand of the dial of a watch to any hour he pleases, and tell you what hour that is; and to the number of that hour you add in your mind 12; then tell him to count privately the number of that amount upon the dial, beginning with the next hour to that on which he proposes to rise, and counting

backwards, first reckoning the number of the hour at which he has placed the hand; for example:—

Suppose the hour at which he intends to rise be 8, and that he has placed the hand at 5; you will add 12 to 5, and tell him to count 17 on the dial, first reckoning 5, the hour at which the index stands, and counting backwards from the hour at which he intends to rise; and the number 17 will necessarily end at 8, which shows that to be the hour he chose.

RIDDLES, CHARADES, CONUNDRUMS.

Riddles.

1.

Destin'd by fate to guard the crown,
Aloft in air I reign,
Above the monarch's haughty frown,
Or statesman's plotting brain.
In hostile fields, when danger's near,
I'm found amidst alarms;
In crowds where peaceful beaux appear,
I instant fly to arms.

2.

Sixteen adjectives, twenty-four pronouns,
a disappointed lobster, an oyster in love,
and nineteen radicals, may all be expressed in one common liquid.

3.

Since Diogenes' time I'm the least habitation,
That e'er was contriv'd in a civilized nation;
So far and so wide sure no mortal e'er strolls,
For I visit all places between the two poles.

4.

I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies have shadows, shadows give me one;
Lov'd for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy, whene'er we meet,
Thinks me too old, though blest with
endless youth;
And, like a monarch, hates me speaking truth.

5.

Something—nothing—as you use me;
Small or bulky, as you choose me;
Short-liv'd child of grief and pain,
Live for a moment—die again.
Eternity I bring to view,
The sun, and all the planets too:
The moon and I may disagree,
But all the world resembles me.

Charades.

1.

My first is either good or bad,
May please or may offend you;
My second in a thirsty mood,
Can very much befriend you.

My whole, though called a cruel word,
Is often deem'd a kind one;
With smiles it sometimes may be heard,
With tears, at others, blind one.

2.

My first a blessing sent to earth,
Of plants and flowers to aid the birth;
My second surely was design'd
To hurl destruction on mankind:
My whole a pledge from pardoning heaven,
Of wrath appeas'd and crimes forgiven.

3.

My first brave Nelson yielded, 'midst the
jar
Of angry battle, and the din of war;
My second, when from labour we retreat,
Far from polite, yet offers us a seat:
My whole is but my second more com-
plete.

4.

Where you place your child is my first
—what you make your child is my second—
and a court ornament is my whole.

Conundrums.

1. Why are hay and straw like spectacles?
2. Why is a poker in the grate like a king's counsel?
3. Why is a handsome woman like bread?
4. What is the difference between twice eight-and-twenty, and twice twenty-eight?
5. What is that which when brought to table is cut, but never eaten?
6. Why is the letter F like Paris?

THE TWELFTH CAKE.

(For the Mirror.)

TWELFTH day! ever gladly thy night shall be
greeted!

And each noble heart of its pleasures partake;
Like friends truly prized, shall thy presence be
treated,
And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

When the world-beams of light, like the sun,
sets in glory,

And the offspring of mirth meet for harmony's
sake,

Then the call shall prevail for the song and the
story,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

When the sons of content round the fire-side
mingle,

And the votaries of glee, to their rites, are
awake;

Then the toast shall go round to the married and
single,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

When the lot shall be drawn, for the laugh to be
hearty,

Not a frown nor a murmur, good humour must
shake;

Whether dish-clout or queen, must be hail'd by
the party,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

Then push round the glass to the *Twelfth-*
Night's employment,

And push round the jest for festivity's sake;
Social mirth shall prevail for the bosom's enjoy-
ment,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

Hail, England! fair Isle, where beauty's star
blazes!

And *Twelfth-Night* is welcom'd for liberty's
sake,

May thy *king*, like his glory, be laurell'd with
praises,

And health, love, and joy, give a zest to the
cake.

UTOPIA.

LOVE'S DELUSIVE DREAM.

MOURN not that love's delusive beam
Ne'er glanced on thee its halo brightness;
For ah! 'tis but a fairy dream,
A fleeting spell of rainbow lightness.

'Tis better few to stand alone,
By no fond link of life united,
Than live to view those ties thine own,
And then by death or falsehood blighted.

Of all the sunny hopes sent hither,
Our path of destiny to cheer,
How many in their spring time wither,
And oh! how few that are sincere.

F. R. O.

THE VESPER'S BELL.

WHEN shall we meet, my Rosa, say,

I have a lover's tale to tell,

"Oh! we will meet when falling slow

"The sound of evening vesper's bell.

Why wait till eve, my Rosa, say,

Oh! I'll not say you know too well,

I love to wander with thee love

When sounds the evening vesper's bell.

NED * * *

THE JOURNAL OF A TEMPLAR.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—According to desire, I beg to trans-
mit to your inspection *The Journal of a*
Templar.

"Ready to go anywhere, with any one, to do
anything."

Lord—I forget who.

Sunday, June 25th. Rose at eleven—
out of tooth-powder, and must send for
Deleroix—ate a light breakfast—dried
salmon broiled too hard, first time the

cook displeased me, shall therefore look out for another.

Twelve o'clock.—Read John Bull till one—very opinative and supercilious—don't approve, and must let him know of it against next Sunday.

Two o'clock.—Took a slight luncheon—appetite very bad—could only eat the leg and wing of a black cock—took a glass of Madeira, ditto of Noyeau—no good—pulse full and hard, must send for Doctor Jalap.

Three o'clock.—Ordered my horse.

Four o'clock.—Rode out—weather hazy, and horse skittish; by the bye, very inconvenient in the Park—must get a martingale—turning round to take a full view of "Achilles," horse backed against the Marquis of —; obliged to apologize, Miss Prettyman looking on; pretended not to see her, and overheard some ladies disputing what would do best to improve the appearance of the statue; one remarked, "we should not be ashamed of nature's operations"—put that down in my note book, also that the author had black eyes.

Six o'clock.—Looked at my watch.

Seven o'clock.—Cantered home.

Eight o'clock.—Dressed to dine at Lady W.'s, met the divine Miss L. B., said a few soft things, and observed she looked hard at the decanter—hoped to have the pleasure of a little wine with her—got in for a tit bit of the Alderman's walk—cut a very good joke, but they didn't take—explained—company looked queer, and Miss turned to address the Colonel—couldn't guess the meaning of it; was afterwards told it bore a strong resemblance to a *faux pas* of a present party—blank news.

Eleven o'clock.—Dinner being over, made an awkward apology for retiring, which was as *courteously* accepted, and took a coach home to my chambers—Doctor Jalap been waiting two hours, sorry to hear I was ill, felt my pulse, like a horse's hoof, looked at my tongue, recommended care, shook his spindles, and prescribed an antidote—paid him his fee, the knave smiled; strong idea he was grinning in his sleeve, and shall employ Surgeon Positive in future.

Twelve o'clock.—Went to bed—another complaint against my laundress—bolster not shook enough—didn't fall asleep for half an hour—N. B. tied a knot in my pocket handkerchief that I might not forget it.

Monday, June 26th.—Woke at nine—very feverish—sent for Surgeon P.—bleeding recommended with antifebrile administrations—arm tied up, and all in readiness—at this crisis, received a letter

from Jack Randall, announcing his benefit at twelve—wouldn't lose it for all the world—jumped up, damn'd the lancet, call'd poor quack *Positive* a *superlative* ass, and bade him come another day—N. B. gave orders not to be at home to him.

Eleven o'clock.—Chocolate not quite milled enough, milk rather turned—highly incensed; shall not deal with the same man again, second time he has offended me—N. B. to try the new milk company.

Twelve o'clock.—Cut the leaves of "Coke upon Littleton," sent last year as a present from my grandfather.

One o'clock.—Started for the Fives Court, arrived too late for the turn-up 'tween Spring and Langan—got into dispute with a tall pugilist; the rascal threatened to mill me—told him I was above noticing him; happy thought!—coming out found my pocket handkerchief gone.

Two o'clock.—Stepped into a pastry-cook's; ice gave me the tooth-ache—took a little mulligatawny, and recommend it as a remedy.

Four o'clock.—Walking in the Arcade, met Lady W. with Miss B., convinced they saw me, though they looked another way—shall not call there again—left my card at the Countess of A.'s.

Six o'clock.—Returned home, found a *billet doux* from Sir L. O. F., recommending an early walk next morning to the Ring, leaving me the choice of "requisites"—very polite and agreeable truly—must go—honour's everything—Morning Post delightful—~~d—n the fellow.~~

Seven o'clock.—Dined alone—excellent turtle, but very inferior turbot—spirits rather depressed—drank a bottle of Champagne, and feel myself rather better. Doctor Jalap stepped in, glad to see me look so well, ascribing it to the draught he had the honour to send me, (which, by the bye, was on the mantle-piece)—found some excuse for dismissing him—hate such visitors; put one in mind of Death and the Alderman.

Eight o'clock.—Surgeon Positive rapped at the outer door, kept my footman in conversation a quarter of an hour, and I since learnt tipped him a crown-piece—laughed heartily—sneering rascal bit—N. B. footman wants new buskins.

Nine o'clock.—Will Careless called in, and we adjourned to "Silver Hell"—came off flush fifteen guineas at fives—won't play at threes again—sure to lose—stept into the little Haymarket. Act. II. scene 2. Madame Vestris's fetters fell off in Macheath, and Liston slipped down in the Farce, to the great disparagement of his inexpressibles—never laughed more

heartily in all my life—met a friend, with whom I took supper—lost four rubbers running, with my previous winnings, and a few guineas to boot.

Tuesday.—Arrived home at three in the morning—finding myself low, took a glass of brandy—wonder what weighs so heavy on me, ascribe it to the unusual custom of black bohea—recollect my appointment at five—give orders to prepare my Mantons, snuff my candle set down to write the above, and determined, by some means, to make myself immortal, send it to Will Careless, for insertion in that highly fashionable periodical.

"THE MIRROR."

P. S. As you will be desirous of hearing the event of that morning, I may add, that having received a bullet (in the *ascia superficialis*, against which, as a first-rate but eccentric Leech observed, a bullet having struck, might by its strong tendinous sheath, be warded off, and by the action of the muscles pass round the body and come out at the point it entered. N. B. within the bounds of possibility, but not of probability—mercy on us!) he has resolved to disavow his former course of living, and I have no doubt, should it be desirable, but he will hereafter favour the public with the details of his "reformation."

Your obedient servant,
WILL CARELESS alias C. I. S.

The Selector;

or,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM
NEW WORKS.

DECEMBER IN LONDON.

If there is no denying that the country is at its worst during this much abused month, it must be conceded, in return, that London is at its best; for at what other time is it so difficult and disagreeable to get along the streets? and when are they so perfumed with the peculiar odour of their own mud, and their atmosphere so rich in the various "choice compounds" with which it always abounds?

But even these are far from being the prime merits of the metropolis, at this season of its best saturnalia. The little boys from school have again taken undisputed possession of all its pleasant places; and the loud laughter of unchecked joy once more explodes on spots from whence, with these exceptions, it has long since been exploded. In short, Christmas, which has been "coming" all the year (like a waiter at an inn), is at last actu-

ally come; and "merry England" is, for a little while, no longer a phrase of mockery and scorn.

The truth is, we English have fewer faults than any other people on earth; and even among those which we have, our worst enemies will not impute to us an idle and insane levity of deportment. We still for the most part, as we did five hundred years ago, *nous amusions tristement, selon l'usage de notre pays*. We do our pleasures, as we do our duties, with grave faces and solemn airs, and disport ourselves in a manner becoming our notions of the dignity of human nature. We feel at the theatre as if it were a church, and consequently at church as if it were a theatre. Our processions to a rout move at the same rate as those to a funeral, and there are, in proportion, as many sincere mourners at the former as the latter. We dance on the same principle as that on which our soldiers do the manual exercise; and there is as much (and as little) of impulse in the one as the other. And we fight on the same principle as we dance; namely, because circumstances require it of us.

All this is true of us under ordinary circumstances. But the arrival of Christmas-time is *not* an ordinary circumstance; and therefore *now* it is none of it true. We are merry-makers once more, and feel that we can now afford to play the fool for a week, since we have so religiously persisted in playing the philosopher during all the rest of the year. Be it expressly understood, however, by all those "surrounding nations" who may happen to meet with this candid confession of our weakness in the above particular, that we permit ourselves to fall into it in favour of our children alone. They (poor things!) being as yet at so pitiable a distance from "years of discretion," cannot be supposed to have achieved the enviable discovery, that happiness is a thing utterly beneath the attention of a reasoning and reasonable being. Accordingly, they know no medium between happiness and misery; and when they are not enjoying the one, they are suffering the other.

But that English parents, generally speaking, love their children better than themselves, is another national merit which I must claim for them. The consequence of this is natural and necessary, and brings us safely round to the point from which we started; an English father and mother, rather than their offspring should not be happy at Christmas-time, will consent to be happy at that time themselves! It does not last long; and surely a week or so spent in a state of foolish felicity may hope to be expiated

by a whole year of unimpeachable indifference! This, then, is the secret of the Christmas holiday-making, among the "better sort" of English families,—as they're pleased somewhat invidiously to call themselves.

Now, then (to resume our details), "the raven down" of metropolitan darkness is "smoothed" every midnight "till it smiles," by that pleasant relic of past times, "the waits;" which wake us with their low wild music mingling with the ceaseless sealike sound of the streets; or (still better) lull us to sleep with the same; or (best of all) make us dream of music all night, without waking us at all.

Now, too, the bellman plies his more profitable but less pleasant parallel with the above; nightly urging his "masters and mistresses" to the practice of every virtue under heaven, and in his own mind prospectively including them all in the pious act of adding an extra sixpence to his accustomed stipend.

Now, during the first week, the theatres having begun to prepare "the grand Christmas pantomime, which has been in active preparation all the summer," the carpenter for the time being, among other ingenious changes which he contemplates, looks forward with the most lively satisfaction to that which is to metamorphose him (in the play-bills at least) into a machinist; while, pending the said preparations, even the "Stars" of the company are "shorn of their beams" (at least in making their transit through that part of their hemisphere which is included behind the scenes), and all things give way before the march of that monstrous medley of "inexplicable dumb show and noise," which is to delight the galleries and dress-circle, and horrify the more *genteel* portion of the audience, for the next nine weeks.

Finally, now occur, just before Christmas, those exhibitions which are peculiar to England in the nineteenth century; I mean the prize-cattle shows. "Extremes meet;" and accordingly, one of the most unequivocal evidences we have to offer, of the surpassing refinement of the age in which we live, consists in these displays of the most surpassing grossness. The alleged *beauty* of these unhappy victims of their own appetites acting with a view to ours, consists in their being unable to perform a single function of their nature, or enjoy a single moment of their lives; and the value of the meat that they make is in exact proportion to the degree in which it is *unfit* to be eaten.

To describe the joys and jollifications attendant on Christmas, is what my confined limits would counsel me not to at-

tempt, even if they were describable matters. But, in fact, there is nothing which affords such truly "lenten entertainment" as a feast at second-hand; the Barmecide's dishes were fattening by comparison with it.

Mirror of the Months.

LACONICS.

THE following *morceaux* are extracted from the first part of an elegant and interesting little work, just published, entitled "Laconics; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors:—"

To endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine sense, is like attempting to hew blocks with a razor.—*Pope.*

The age of chivalry is gone, and one of calculators and economists has succeeded.—*Burke.*

There is none made so great, but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.—*Seneca.*

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.—*Selden.*

You cannot spend money in luxury without doing good to the poor. Nay, you do more good to them by spending it in luxury—you make them exert industry, whereas, by giving it, you keep them idle.—*Johnson.*

A contented mind is the greatest blessing a man can enjoy in this world; and if in the present life his happiness arises from the subduing of his desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.—*Addison.*

In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence.—*Johnson.*

Shakspeare was the man who, of all modern and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation; he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature; he looked inwards, and found her there.—*Dryden.*

He that calls a man ungrateful, sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.—*Swift.*

All smalt'ers are more brisk and pest Than those that understand an art; As little sparkles shine more bright Than glowing coals that give them light.

Bulter.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is efficiently destroyed,

though the appetite of the brute may survive.—*Chesterfield.*

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as loling in a coach and six.—*Goldsmith.*

THE ITALIAN BOAT-SONG.

THE moon shines bright,
And the bark bounds light,
As the stag bounds over the lea;
We love the strife
Of the sailor's life,
And we love our dark blue sea.

Now high, now low,
To the depths we go,
Now rise on the surge again;
We make a track
O'er the ocean's back,
And play with his hoary mane.

Fearless we face
The storm in its chase,
When the dark clouds fly before it;
And meet the shock
Of the fierce siroc,
Though death breathes hotly o'er it.

The landsman may quail
At the shout of the gale,
Peril's the sailor's joy;
Wild as the waves
Which his vessel braves,
Is the lot of the sailor boy.

Bulwer's Autumn in Greece.

THE PRAISE OF LITTLE WOMEN.

I wish to make my preaching short, as all good things should be,

For I was always fond, I own, of a short homily;

Of little women, and in courts of law a most brief plea;

Little well said, makes wise, as sap most fruitfulness the tree.

His head who laughs and chatters much, the moon I'm sure must sway;

There's in a little woman love—nor little let me say;

Some very tall there are, but I prefer the little—nay,

Change them, they'd both repent the change, and quarrel night and day.

Love prayed me to speak well of all the little ones—the rest

They give, their noble qualities, and charms—I'll do my best;

I will speak of the little ones, but don't think I'm in jest;

That they are cold as snow, and warm as fire, is manifest.

They're cold abroad, yet warm in love; shy creatures in the street;

Good-natured, laughing, witty, gay, and in the house discreet—

Well-dog, graceful, gentle, kind, and many things more sweet,
You'll find where you direct your thoughts,—yes, many I repeat.

Within a little compass oft great splendour strikes the eyes,

In a small piece of sugar-cane a deal of sweetness lies;

So to a little woman's face a thousand graces rise,

And large and sweet's her love; a word's sufficient for the wise.

The pepper-corn is small, but yet, the more the grain you grind,

The more it warms and comforts; so, were I to speak my mind,

A little woman, if (all love) she studies to be kind,

There's not in all the world a bliss you'll fail in her to find.

As in a little rose resides great colour, as the bell

Of the small lily yields great and most delightful smell,

As in a very little gold exists a precious spell,
Within a little woman so exceeding flavours dwell.

As the small ruby is a gem that clearly does outshine

For lustre, colour, virtues, price, most children of the mine,

In little women so worth, grace, bloom, radiance divine,

Wit, beauty, loyalty, and love, transcendently combine.

Little's the lark, the nightingale is little, yet they sing

Sweeter than birds of greater size and more resplendent wing;

So little women better are, by the same rule,—they bring

A love more sweet than sugar-plums or prim-roses of spring.

The goldfinch and Canary-bird, all finches and all pies,

Sing, scream, or chatter passing well,—there's quaintness in their cries;

The brilliant little parrot says things extremely wise;

Just such a little woman is, when she sweet love outwits.

There's nothing that with her should be compared—'tis profanation;—

She is a walking Paradise, a smiling consolation;

A blessing, pleasure, of all joys a sparkling constellation;

In fact—she's better in the proof than in the salutation!

Small women do no harm, kind things, though they may sometimes call

Us angry names, hard to digest: men wise as was Saint Paul,

Say of two evils choose the least,—by this rule it must fall,

The least dear woman you can find will be the best of all!

Times Telescope.

THE MANNER OF WATCHMEN INTIMATING THE HOUR, AT HERRNHUTH, IN GERMANY.

- VIII. Past eight o'clock! O, Herrnhuth, do thou ponder;
Eight souls in Noah's ark were living yonder.
- IX. 'Tis nine o'clock! ye brethren, hear it striking;
Keep hearts and houses clean, to our Saviour's liking.
- X. Now, brethren, hear, the clock is ten and passing;
None rest but such as wait for Christ embracing.
- XI. Eleven is past! still at this hour eleven,
The Lord is calling us from earth to heaven.
- XII. Ye brethren, hear, the midnight clock is humming;
At midnight our great bridegroom will be coming.
- I. Past one o'clock; the day breaks out of darkness:
Great morning-star appear, and break our hardness.
- II. 'Tis two! on Jesus wait this silent season,
Ye two so near related, will and reason.
- III. The clock is three! the blessed Three doth merit
The best of praise, from body, soul, and spirit.
- IV. 'Tis four o'clock, when three make supplication,
The Lord will be the fourth on that occasion.
- V. Five is the clock! five virgins were discarded,
When five with wedding garments were rewarded.
- VI. The clock is six, and I go off my station;
Now, brethren, watch yourselves for your salvation.

Brady's Varieties of Literature.

JACK KETCH.

IN 1663, Dun was the name of the public executioner, and the executioners long after that went by the same name. Mr. Butler, in his *Proposals for forming Liberty of Conscience*, published in 1663, amongst other resolutions, gives the following one:—"Resolved, that a day of solemn fasting be; and, among many other particulars, lastly to be delivered from the hand of Dun, that uncircumcised Philistine." His predecessor's name was Gregory, as appears from the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a tragi-comedy, acted at Paris, in 1641:

"This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree:"
and in a paper called *The Parliament Kite*, 1646, mention is made of him:

"What would you say to see them fall
With both their houses vile,
Because they have deceived us all,
Now Gregory they'll beguile!"

Sir William Segar, garter king-at-arms, was imposed upon by Brook, a herald, who procured him, by artifice, to confirm arms to Gregory Brandon, who was found to be common hangman of London. And from him, probably, the hangman was called Gregory for some time. The name of Dun, which succeeded that of Gregory, is mentioned by Cotton, in *Virgil Travestie*, published in 1670, b. 4. p. 124;

"Away, therefore, my lass does trot,
And presently an halter got,
Made of the best string hempen tear,
And, 'ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up, with as much art
As *Dun* himself could do for his heart."

The name of Dun was continued to these finishers of the law twelve years longer, when one "Jack Ketch," about one hundred and forty years ago, was advanced to that office, who has left his name to his successors ever since. This appears from *Butler's Ghost*, published in 1682. When the author wrote the first part of it, it is plain that Dun was the executioner's name or nick-name:

"For you yourself to act 'Squire *Dun*—
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun."

but before he had printed off his poem, Jack Ketch was in office:

"Till *Ketch* observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribune shunn'd,
To do his office, or refund."

None of these, however, in their office, could come up to the Dutch headsman, mentioned by Mr. Cleveland, and of whom it was reported, "that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the head, after the execution, should stand still upon the shoulders."
Ibid.

JOHN CROSLAND THE HANGMAN.

ABOUT the reign of Oliver Cromwell, or the beginning of Charles the Second's, a whole family, consisting of a father and two sons, of the name of Crosland, were tried at Derby assizes, and condemned for horse-stealing. As the offence was capital, the bench, after sentence, entertained the cruel whim of extending mercy to one of the criminals, but upon this barbarous condition, that the pardoned man should hang the other two. Where favour wantons in cruelty, it becomes detestable, and gives greater offence than even the culprits. The offer was made to the father, being the senior. As distress is the season for reflection, he replied with meekness, "Was it ever known that a father hanged his children? How can I take away those lives which I

have given, have cherished, and which of all things are most dear?" He bowed, declined the offer, and gave up his life; but this noble reply ought to have pleaded his pardon. It was then made to the eldest son, who trembling answered, "Though life is the most valuable of all possessions, yet even that may be purchased too dear—I cannot consent to preserve my existence by taking away his who gave it; nor could I face the world, or even myself, should I be left the only branch of that family I had destroyed." Love, tenderness, compassion, and all the appendages of honour, must have associated in returning this answer. The proposition was then made to the youngest son, John, who accepted it with an avidity that seemed to tell the court, he would hang half the creation, and even his own judges, sooner than be a sufferer himself. He performed the fatal work without remorse, upon his father and brother; in which he acquitted himself with such dexterity, that he was appointed to the office of hangman in Derby, and two or three neighbouring counties, and continued in it to extreme age. So void was he of feeling for distress, that he rejoiced at a murder, because it brought him the prospect of a guinea. Perhaps he was the only man in court who could hear with pleasure a sentence of death. The bodies of the executed were his perquisite: signs of life have been known to return after the execution, in which case he prevented the growing existence by violence.—Loving none, and beloved by none, he spent a life of enmity with man. The very children pelted him in the streets; the mothers endeavoured to stop the infant cry with the name of "John Crosland." He died about the year 1705.—*Ibid.*

OPHELIA ON THE STAGE AND AT HOME.

OUR hero applied his hand to the knocker, and insinuated what may be termed a true-lover's rap—palpitating, mysterious, and intermittent. A little sandy-haired girl appeared at the summons. "Is Ophelia at home?" he falteringly exclaimed, for in the confusion of his senses, he had forgotten to ask her real name. "Ophelia?" she replied with a stare, "Miss Muggins, Sir, I suppose you mean; howsomever," "Muggins, Muggins," echoed Edward, "good God! what a name! however, show me the way up, girl," and, as he ascended, those consoling lines of Shakespeare came promptly to his recollection—

"A name, what's in a name,
A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

On reaching the head of the stairs he involuntarily halted, overcome by a pleasing palpitation, arising from the consciousness that he was now going to see all that earth yet retained of heaven. His conductress, however, made no allowance for a lover, but suddenly threw aside a dingy garret door, with this impressive remark, "A gentleman wants Miss Muggins." In an instant he was in the midst of a room, to which the Black Hole at Calcutta must have been a palace. His situation was ludicrously picturesque. There stood the Muggins and her mother armed, the one with a poker, the other with a frying-pan; by their side was a pug-dog, fat, frisky, and belligerent, and to the right in the distance, flanked by a coal-skuttle, towered the black Tom cat, in a high state of wrath and animation. To make matters worse, this tenderest daughter of Polonius, she who drowned herself for the love of the lord Hamlet, was actually frying sausages for supper. "Eternal powers! do I live to write this historic fact! Ophelia frying sausages!" &c.—*November Nights.*

Miscellanies.

BURMESE CRUELTY.

THE viceroy of Rangoon, a place taken during the present war against the Burmese, was a monster of cruelty, of which one instance will be a sufficient proof. Two men having been heard to speak disrespectfully of government, were condemned by him to be shot in the following manner:—A ball's eye was painted on the breast of each, and being bound to a stake, they were fired at by twenty men, who, whether from design or accident, missed them; after this agonising ordeal, they were remanded to the place of their confinement, and brought out the following day to undergo the same treatment, the result of which was however different, for their bodies were pierced by many balls. The cruelty of this people, in their punishments, has long disgraced their annals. Crucifixion is in common use; the barbarity of which is increased by the crosses being of such moderate height, and placed in such situations on the banks of the river, that the alligator, with which it abounds, may be tempted to spring at the prey; in other cases the wretch is taken down, with the suffering wretch still writhing upon it, and set adrift on the river, where it is soon devoured by the alligator. Melted lead is often poured down the throats of

criminals, and this is as a punishment for even trifling offences.

THE DEVIL AND THE LAWYERS.

It is the general received opinion that there is a certain intimacy always carried on between the inhabitants of *Inns of Court*, and his *Satanic majesty*. When the various *volunteer corps* were formed, each was distinguished by some appropriate appellation—the residents in one parish were called the *St. James's*—of another parish, the *St. Pancras*—and in various places were raised the queen's own regiment—the duke of Cumberland's own regiment, and so on *ad infinitum*. Shortly after sprang up the "*Temple corps*," when the modest title they had assumed, not pleasing the public, they immediately received from them an addition by which they are universally known, viz. "*The devil's own regiment*." How this is, the following anecdote will explain.

THE LAWYER'S PATRON.

Saint *Evona*, a lawyer of Britain, went to Rome, to entreat the pope to give the lawyers a patron; the pope replied, that he knew of no saint not disposed of to some other profession.—His holiness proposed, however, to saint *Evona*, that he should go round the church of *San Giovanni di Laterano* blindfold, and after saying a certain number of Ave Marias, the first saint he laid hold of should be his patron. This the good old lawyer undertook, and at the end of his Ave Marias, stopped at the altar of saint *Michael*, where he laid hold, not of the saint, but unfortunately of the devil, under the saint's feet, crying out, "*This is our saint, let him be our patron!*"

THE BOAR'S HEAD, CHEAPSIDE.

"*Prinos Henry*.—Meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap, there I'll sup."

Hen. IV. First Part.

"*P. Henry*.—Is your master now in London?"

Bardolph.—Yes, my lord.

P. Henry.—Where sups he; doth the old Boar feed in the old frank?"

Bardolph.—At the old place, my lord, — in Eastcheap."

Hen. IV. Second Part.

Alas! for the poor Boar's Head, which once could boast such visitors, and which Shakespeare has immortalized, as the rendezvous of the facetious Falstaff, his

Royal Hal, and their ragamuffin associates.

Was Hal to rise from his grave, he would blush for his favourite Boar's Head; the blood would perhaps be summoned up to Sir John's purple visage; nay, even the brassy cheeks of Bardolph might be invested with a crimson, as deep as that with which his nose was generally illumed, on seeing the tavern they once loved so well, in its now comparatively obscure situation. A Boar's Head, carved in stone, still ornaments the front of a building in Eastcheap; but the sculptress and structure are both modern, and to make matters still worse, for antiquarian prejudices, the bricks, when I saw them, had been newly brightened with ochre, and the grim Boar, partaking of the general improvement, had been painted Waterloo blue, with rosy lips of red, and teeth that would have done honour to any dentifrice employed to scour them.

Mr. Rowe observes, "that many readers lament to see Falstaff so hardly used by his old friend." Johnson seems to think he had his deserts:—for shame Doctor, I could approve of Hal's reformation, and the kindly courses he afterwards pursued, without admitting the propriety, or justifying the harshness with which he rejected the jolly knight on his elevation to the throne. Thousands had his vices, who had not one atom of his humour; indemnity and patronage might have been offered to every one who could lay claim to his wit, without adding to the rewards or enlarging the adherents of folly.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton*.

INSCRIPTION

To the memory of General Wolfe, slain in the service of his country at Quebec, in North America.

For nobly fighting in a nation's cause,
And bravely dying to maintain its laws;
If great exertion, honesty of heart,
And all the real true courage can impart:
If these can make the laureate hero shine,
These, Wolfe, were thine; pre-eminently thine.

Too early lost—yet glory crown'd thy days,
And fame grows hoarse, unequal to thy praise.

But, oh! thy death, illustrious chief, destroys
The sudden burst of universal joys.

Our patriot king in pity drops a tear,
And mourns a conquest that was bought
as dear.

Oh! let the muse thy fortitude proclaim,
And on thy tomb thus register thy name:
"Here lies brave Wolfe, who fought on
freedom's side,

Bled for his king, and vanquish'd
tho' he died."

POSTURE MASTERS.

MONSIEUR MAZURIER, whose flexibility of limb calls forth so much astonishment, at one of our winter theatres, probably exceeds all his predecessors in the science of contortion; but that similar exhibitors were known in London formerly, and probably as perfect as our present *attitudinarian*, will appear from the following advertisement in Dawkes's *News-letter*, February, 1711:—"At the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet-street, in the great-room, is to be seen the famous *Posture-master of Europe*, who far exceeds the deceased posture-masters, Clarke and Higgins. He extends his body into all deformed shapes, makes hip and shoulder bones meet together, lays his head upon the ground and turns his body round twice or thrice without stirring his face from the place; stands upon one leg, and extends the other in a perpendicular line half a yard above his head, and extends his body from a table with his head a foot below his heels, having nothing to balance his body but his feet; with several other postures too tedious to mention."

ADVANTAGES OF A THICK SKULL.

IN Woodville (Mississippi) a duel was lately fought between Judge Childs and General Jour. The former was shot in the head, and of course *not materially injured*. He was armed with a double-barrel gun, the general with a rifle.—*American Paper*.

BEARING CONFINEMENT.

THE following advertisement appeared in the *Reading Mercury*:

"To grocers:—Wanted a situation, by Charles Hewett, who can bear confinement, having been apprenticed to Mr. C. C., of Reading, who would not allow him to go and see his parents for the last six months, though living within six miles of Reading.

"Goring Heath, Oxon,
"June 30, 1821."

P. T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON Saturday next, Two Numbers of the *MIRROR* will be published; one will contain the Title and Index to the Volume, and will be embellished with a portrait of Captain Parry, the celebrated navigator, engraved on steel, with an account of his last voyage. The other Number will contain the Spirit of the New Year's and Christmas Gifts for 1821, with an appropriate engraving.

The First Number of a New Volume of the *MIRROR* will be published on the 6th of January, when we hope to receive a considerable addition to the very liberal support with which the *MIRROR* has been honoured by the public.

Notes of an Itinerant, Chapter I. shall appear in the first number of our new volume, to be published on the 6th of January.

The Visit to a Coal Pit, and *On Matrimony and Celibacy*, in an early number.

The *Essays* of J. M. though possessing considerable merit are of too grave a character for us.

The *Lines* on a worthy City Baronet are not worth mending by the addition of *Johannes*.

J. S. W.'s article on Vines, is partly anticipated in our present number.

The following communications are intended for insertion though their number will prevent us giving them a place very early:—

Alpheus. Mr. Trefusis's *Journal of a Templar*. *A Glance at Windermere*. W. X. on Napoleon Bonaparte. *Epitaph for a Country School Mistress*. J. S. W. A. W. Ned***. C. P. X. Y. *Timotheus*. S. G. R. M. *Guthrieus of Kensington*.

We cannot decide on the Tale of E. P. K. by the small portion of it sent.

Juvénal's Epigram is too political.

We agree with *A Lover of Rum* and *Rum* Panck on the subject of his letter.

The Epitaph on Peg is insignificant.

W. V. H. may expect to see himself in the *MIRROR*.

A. J. G. D.

We refer Stephen to "Halbert's Biographical Sketches."

C. P.'s *Lines* are not sufficiently correct.

The *Ruins of Paulin Zell* shall be looked out, and either inserted or returned.

The *Lines of Lord Byron on a Skull* are too well known.

The hint of J. R. J. shall be attended to, and his communication have a place.

Mundus shall be gratified.

To Julian. Is not the Bolton he names the burial place of Henry Jenkins?

The article *On the Economy of Spiders* though highly curious, would be much too long for us.

If J. B. will allow his communication to stand over a few months it will be more seasonable, and shall not be forgotten.

Georgius Novius is so patient and so kind that we will try to make room for his Verses on Smoking.

A. B.'s *Ode to Contentment* is too prosaic.

Zamuel's *Poem* is not a Sonnet.

Errata. p. 399, col. 2, l. 25, for *death*, read *life*.
p. 391, col. 1, l. 20, for 10 + 12, read 10 X 12.

Printed and Published by J. LIMBIRD,
145, Strand, (near Somerset House,) and sold
by all Newsmen and Booksellers.